

JULY, 1942

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THEATRE WORLD

Vol. XXXVII, No. 210

JULY, 1942



Stearbrick Studios.

**Jessie
Matthews**

A charming new portrait of Jessie Matthews, recently back from America, who will be playing the title rôle in *Wild Rose*, the romantic musical play with Edwardian setting, which comes to the Princes Theatre on August 6th. The music is by Jerôme Kern, and Robert Neshitt will produce.



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**July,
1942**

**Over the
Footlights**

OUR American Correspondent's review of recent Broadway productions makes interesting reading this month. We were reminded of a recent Brains Trust session, which, discussing the means whereby the American and English peoples could better understand each other's ways of life and outlook, dismissed the film as a pretty hopeless method, and proceeded to ignore the theatre entirely.

Now in our view at this very moment the stage both sides of the Atlantic is forging strong links that will not easily be broken. It would seem, however, that the West End is taking more kindly to American plays than Broadway to some of our successes. It is said, of course, that Americans are more critical in the theatre, and no doubt our mood over here after nearly three years of war is not so sensitive. But the very fact that the interchange goes on is of the greatest significance. And with such ideas current as that a few years after the war it will be possible to fly over to New York for the week-end, it looks as though Broadway and the environs of Piccadilly Circus will become one indivisible whole.

JUDGING by H. M. Tennent, Ltd.'s plans for the near future, the West End will not be lacking for a wide choice of straight plays.

John Gielgud's production of *Macbeth*, after a five months' tour, begins its London run on July 8th at the Piccadilly, from which theatre *Blithe Spirit* has just been transferred to the St. James's. Six other

H. M. Tennent productions are due for the summer and autumn. *Stranger's Road* by Warren Chetham Strode, starring Barry K. Barnes and Diana Churchill, mentioned last month, opened at the Manchester on June 29th, on which date the new Robert Donat play, Veronica Haigh's *To Dream Again*, was due to open at Cardiff. A new play about the R.A.F., *Flare Path*, by Terence Rattigan, will be produced at the New, Oxford, later in July, with Celia Johnson, Adrienne Allen, Martin Walker, Kathleen Harrison and George Cole in the cast. The other productions will be Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, adapted by Emyln Williams, a Noel Coward group of plays called *Play Parade*, and Lillian Hellmann's *The Little Foxes*.

Among other new shows expected shortly will be *Life Line*, an all-men play about the Merchant Navy, which will be presented by O'Bryen, Linnit and Dunfee, and Bronson Albery at the Duchess on July 2nd. In addition there is the Jack Waller-Tom Arnold rendering of *Let's Face It*, the American musical success, already opened in Manchester, and the new Firth Shephard show *Wild Rose* due at the Princes in a few weeks' time.

Somerset Maugham's *Rain* has just been revived at St. Martin's, and a short season of *The Land of Smiles*, with Richard Tauber, has begun at the Lyric. These, with *Rose Marie* due at the Stoll on July 16th, and *The Rebel Maid* promised for London a few weeks later, ensure that the West End is in for a busy time.

F.S.

Wherever smoking is permitted—ABDULLAS FOR CHOICE

New Shows of the Month

"Sky High"

(Phoenix, June 4th)

WHETHER any revue which has in its cast the two Hermiones (Baddeley and Gingold) could be anything but enjoyable is now hardly in doubt. *Sky High* in addition has Naunton Wayne, Walter Crisham and Elizabeth Welch and a production that for slickness and effectiveness would take some beating.

The Hermiones have some well-contrasted material, the high spot of which is undoubtedly "Mermaids," which they play together as a couple of undersea charmers on the look out for naval prey—anything from an admiral downwards. On the other side of the dramatic mask is their "Park Meeting," a brilliant piece of straight acting of the sort to bring a tear to the eye: they are the perfect artistes in all they do.

Naunton Wayne shines particularly in the wicked skit on *The Morning Star*, called "Mid-day Star," when he achieves a Welsh accent of magnificent proportions. Hermione Baddeley's impersonation of her sister Angela is likewise cruelly according to life. Walter Crisham, who also produces, is well in evidence in song and dance; "Arena," in which he dances as The Matador (with Prudence Hyman as The Dancer) is a lovely piece of work in a magnificently colourful setting.

Elizabeth Welch's appeal is irresistible; her songs "Jungle, Hold My Man," "Broadway Slave" and "Europa" well nigh bring down the house.

These are stars enough to make any revue shoot sky high, and Zoë Gail, Prudence Hyman and the rest of a talented company play a big part in making this a wholly satisfying production.

F.S.

★ A New Revue presented by Tom Arnold.
Cast including: Hermione Baddeley, Hermione Gingold, Naunton Wayne, Walter Crisham, Elizabeth Welch, Zoë Gail, Prudence Hyman, Betty Hare, Hilary Allen, Douglas Orr, Pat O'Dare, George Carden, George Gower, Cliff Gordon, Lulu Dukes, etc. Dances and Ensembles by Lydia Sokolova. Costumes and décor by Berkeley Sutcliffe. Produced by Walter Crisham.

Sadler's Wells Ballet

ON Tuesday, the 5th May, the Sadler's Wells Ballet began its longest West End season, the one new work being Helpmann's *Hamlet* which had its premiere on the 19th May. This is not intended to be Shakespeare's *Hamlet* told

in ballet form, but the imaginings of Hamlet in "that sleep of death."

Amongst all the whirling phantasmagoria of Hamlet's thoughts it is strange he had not one to spare for his faithful friend, yet Horatio does not appear. If the reason for this is that the exigencies of war make it impossible to produce another male dancer, then any criticism on that score is silenced.

Swept along on the tide of the Tchaikovsky music, the protagonists of the drama re-enact their parts with the fantastic distortions of a nightmare. The Gravedigger is also the jester, the Ghost himself, with Ophelia as the Player Queen, reveals to Claudius and Gertrude his knowledge of the treacherous circumstances of his death. Ophelia attends her own funeral, and Hamlet pulls aside the coverings of the bier to reveal the Queen. But in spite of these distortions, in effect all that Helpmann has done is to take the *Hamlet* story and pull it a little out of shape. The result is only by courtesy a ballet, and while it has a wild, turbulent quality which consistently commands attention, for those who look for more in a ballet than the exploitation of the particular talents of an individual dancer, the whole thing is rather disturbing.

It must be said at once that Helpmann's own performance is superb. But we already knew he was a magnificent mime. What we want to know, and have still to discover, is whether he is a choreographer in the sense of being one who can tell a story in dance sequences. *Hamlet* is further from settling that point than was *Comus* which, if it displayed no original choreographic thought, yet conveyed meaning by movement. But *Hamlet* is almost solely mime. The little dancing Helpmann has given himself is entirely derivative, consisting simply of his favourite kind of turn. There is nothing in the role of Ophelia to warrant bothering a ballerina of the status of Fonteyn with it, though needless to say she invests it with a poignant charm and pathos. The corps de ballet wander in and out for no particular reason, rather as if Helpmann had them on his hands and felt he ought to do something about it.

As the Gravedigger-Jester, Leo Kersley gives what is easily his best performance so

far, and John Hart's Laertes is a splendid figure. In fact all the parts are excellently sustained so far as opportunities allow.

To put it briefly, *Hamlet* is a *tour de force* of the first magnitude for Helpmann, the mime. Helpmann, the choreographer, has yet to put in an appearance. P.W.M.

“New Russian Ballet”

(Cambridge, June 9th)

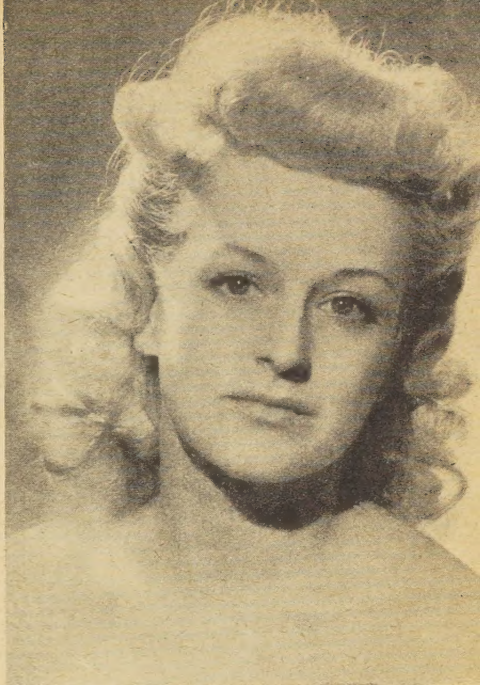
JAY POMEROY has gathered together a company of over sixty at the luxurious Cambridge Theatre with very happy results.

The three new ballets, *Lieutenant Kije*, *Wonderland* and *Fantaisie Russe* are well contrasted, and the ballet company, headed by Diana Gould, put in some magnificently spirited work in a variety of moods. *Wonderland*, to music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Tschaikowsky and Glazunov is based on Pushkin's fairy tales, and much credit is due to Hein Heckroth for the décor in this and the other two ballets; on occasions some of the exquisite scenes are actually painted on gauze, with very beautiful results, and the whole effect is of elaborate stage equipment skilfully employed. Mr. Pomeroy has stinted nothing in the production.

The use of singing voices in the ballet *Wonderland* might be considered an intrusion by the purist; however, there is dancing on more traditional lines in *Fantaisie Russe* to music by Mussorgsky (which is much the same ballet as *The Gates of Kiev* which Mr. Pomeroy presented at the Adelphi recently). *Lieutenant Kije* on the other hand has all the appeal of the fantastic, woven as it is around the court of a mad Tzar of Russia and the personality, life and death of one, Lieutenant Kije, who never existed except as a blot carelessly inscribed in a report by an orderly.

In all these ballets Diana Gould shines as a dancer of great personality, and there are some gems from Tom Linden, particularly as the mad Tzar, and as the street urchin in *Fantaisie Russe*.

The company is happy to have with them the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Anatole Fistoulari; and there could be nothing but praise for the choreography of Catherine Devillier (late of the Moscow Opera House). It certainly looks as though the Cambridge will take its place as a welcome centre of art, thanks to Mr. Pomeroy. L.J.



CAROLE LYNNE,

in Leslie Julian Jones's *It's About Time*, which opened at the Comedy on June 17th, too late for a lengthy review in this issue. Ronald Frankau, Ivy St. Helier, Magda Kun, Carole Lynne and Wilfred Hyde White are the stars with strong company in support. Ivy St. Helier especially gives a grand performance on her return to the West End. Ronald Frankau is in good form, and Magda Kun is worth going a very long way to see. The show is presented by Jack de Leon and Charles Killick.

Arts Theatre

(“Awake and Sing,” May 20th)

(“Twelfth Night,” June 10th)

AFTER their first two productions, Alec Clunes and his little company at the Arts are to be congratulated; they are obviously a group with a fresh outlook who should enhance considerably London's artistic life.

Clifford Odet's *Awake and Sing* had a big reception, so much so that it was put on again on June 23rd for a short season, and there is a rumour of the possibility of this moving play reaching a wider public later on. It is difficult to define the quality of a work like *Awake and Sing*. In retrospect there are many inconsistencies and many loose ends in the plot, but in the theatre

it grips until curtain fall. It then seems ungrateful to wonder whether the economic spider's web, or the domination of a Jewish matriarch is the theme paramount: and no doubt it matters little. What does matter is that Mr. Odets has drawn in Bessie Berger, the mother who tries by every doubtful means to control the destinies of her family in the poor Jewish Bronx quarter of New York, a woman of a strange fascination; and that in Lilly Kann, who plays the part, London has discovered an actress in a thousand. You owe it to yourself to see *Awake and Sing*.

With *Twelfth Night*, of course, we are on different ground; and Alec Clunes' production could call forth a dozen different opinions. On the whole I found it most likeable, and played skilfully to suit the limitations of a small stage. Jean Forbes-Robertson's Viola is not new to us; she has an air of integrity in the part that is at once unique and appealing. Walter Hudd was an excellent Malvolio. Perhaps Russell Thorndike's Sir Toby was played on too soft a note, but Denys Blakelock's Sir Andrew Aguecheek was one of the best I have seen. Vivienne Bennett was a sprightly and youthful Olivia, Jeremy Hawk suited well as the Duke, and if the Feste of Alec Clunes seemed a little pontifical, the cause I think is physical; jesting sits more easily on little men.

The strange accompanying music from viola, flute and harpsichord did not appeal. Indeed I fell to thinking at the Duke's "If music be the food of love" that one man's meat is another's poison. F.S.

Revivals in Town

("Rebecca," Strand, May 21st)
 ("Rookery Nook," St. Martin's, May 25th)
 ("Baby Mine," Westminster, June 9th)

REBECA is now back in Town at the Strand Theatre after its provincial tour. With Owen Nares and Jill Furse as Maxim and Mrs. de Winter, Mary Merrall as Mrs. Danvers, Eric Cowley and Edith Sharpe as the Lacey, and Raymond Huntley as Frank Crawley, the strong drama works through finely nuanced episodes to the final painful unravelling, now in June sunshine and the beauty of unspoilt love, now in the shadow cast on Manderley by the never-present yet ever-present Rebecca. Mary Merrall's is a subtle portrayal of the uncompromising housekeeper; her voice is always dry with unshed tears, her attitude tense, decorous yet

ineffably hostile; and Raymond Huntley's restrained and sympathetic alternations of composure and concern have a very sure touch. And Jill Furse and Owen Nares give a sensitive and sincere expression to their exacting rôles.

Not a scrap of such sensitiveness or psychological insight is demanded of the players in two farces recently revived—Ben Travers' *Rookery Nook* at St. Martin's Theatre, and Margaret Mayo's *Baby Mine* at the Westminster. Ralph Lynn produces and leads in *Rookery Nook's* non-stop series of misunderstandings, compromising situations and harebrained schemes intended to turn risqué situations into scenes of humdrum propriety. With Joan Shannon, Marjorie Caldicott and Muriel George as trouble-makers, Guy Fane and Vernon Kelso with Ralph Lynn as the "sufferers

CHRISTINE ADRIAN

who plays the famous Iris Hoey part of Zoie in the James Shirvell revival of *Baby Mine* at the Westminster, will be remembered as the Amy in the recent revival of *Little Women* at the same theatre.



of the action," the show is a tonic. (*Rookery Nook* has now finished its short season at St. Martin's.)

Baby Mine with its eight improbable adults and three well-nigh impossible babies is a riot of almost nightmare laughter. Excellent stagecraft ensures such a clever shuffling and dealing of babies that there is always a good trick in the cradle! In a beautifully-furnished set of lovely pastel colouring heartless women deceive fatuous men, tough babies change hands with a dispatch which off the stage would invite horrible consequences; in fine all the laws of psychology and some of biology are flouted in the interests of a rapid, smooth-running, baby-spangled farce whose old vintage is no drawback to audiences aware of comedy's eternal values. We can always laugh at gulled husbands (Norman Griffin and Michael Whittaker), at mendacious, attractive wives (Christine Adrian and Olive Sloane)—and, of course, a superfluity of babies to be explained away. E.H.

CANTEEN by WORKER

Eric Johns.

Lady Hardwicke (Helena Pickard). A portrait by Houston Rogers, now prisoner of war.

HELENA PICKARD had not the slightest intention of appearing on Broadway and it certainly never entered her head to cherish an ambition to team-up with Alfred Lunt when she left here about eighteen months ago to visit her husband, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in America.

Yet at the moment Pixie and Alfred appear together nightly on Broadway and are about the two hardest working stars in Manhattan. This new association in the theatrical firmament does not imply that Pixie has supplanted Lynn Fontanne as Alfred's leading lady. The Lunts are still the most idolised pair on the American stage with a fantastic box-office magnetism that is second to none.

Although Pixie and Alfred can be seen any night in the very heart of Broadway their names do not glitter in electric lights; their activities are never blazed in banner headlines across the newspapers; nor are they chased by celebrity hunters. Only men wearing an Allied uniform have the luck to set eyes on them, and even then they will only see them if they wander into the kitchen of the Stage Door Canteen where they have proudly earned the title of Broadway's most efficient dish-washers.

Night after night, with mop in hand, they take their stand together at the sink, and after Pixie has sprinkled the necessary quantity of soap flakes into the steaming water they proceed to dispose of, the pyramid of crockery awaiting their attention. If either breaks a piece a fine is imposed in favour of the Services' comforts fund, but it would hardly be gallant to publish figures of their contributions!

TO be quite honest, Pixie has been a bit troubled by her conscience since she went across to the States. She could not resist feeling that she might be



doing more for the war effort back here at home among bombed-out families instead of merely raising funds over there in the Land of Plenty. It seemed all too easy and too comfortable to satisfy her, with the result that she became frankly unhappy and made final arrangements to return home. On the eve of her departure an American actress friend took her along to the Stage Door Canteen, opened by the American Theatre Wing, and overnight Pixie chose a dish-washing mop as her insignia of office and cancelled her passage back home. She felt she could really justify her existence by helping American stage and screen folk to run this amazing canteen which is without rival in either hemisphere.

SITUATED in the very heart of New York's theatreland, the premises, once used as a night club, were presented to the American Theatre Wing by the Shuberts, who, apart from magnanimously making a gift of heat, light, and rent, even commissioned a series of mural panels, each the masterpiece of a well-known stage designer.

Any lad wearing an Allied uniform is welcomed at the Stage Door Canteen where the most lavish arrangements are made for his entertainment. From breakfast-time onwards artists gather there to prepare sandwiches and other delights of the table

for their guests, even though the doors do not open till five in the afternoon.

From five till midnight everything is in full swing with all the éclat of a Continental night club. The cabaret is one which money could never buy—and let it be said that the vulgar jingle of dimes and cents is never heard in the Stage Door Canteen where the boys are not permitted to pay for either food or song. During the early evening, before the theatres open, stars of the big Broadway musical shows look in regularly with their supporting chorus to give an hour's entertainment before going on to their night's work. Gracie Fields is often there to sing for them.

Every night one of Broadway's crack bands plays for the dancers. Dainty little dancing partners wearing red, white and blue aprons are introduced to the boys by hostesses wearing red, white and blue bows; only Christian names are used in an atmosphere that is at once gay and informal to a degree; yet no better behaved crowd could be discovered anywhere.

The inner man is just as well catered for. On arrival each boy is given a ticket enabling him to obtain refreshments consisting of sandwiches with the most luscious and varied fillings; an apple and an orange; delicious cakes; assorted candies; a bottle of milk; and a packet of cigarettes. Any man in uniform is welcomed.



Many famous stage and film stars help at the Canteen, among them Joan Crawford and Gertrude Lawrence.

THE boys find it great fun to rub shoulders with celebrities . . . to have a chat with Gertrude Lawrence, who spends half her life there; to dance with Joan Crawford; to share a laugh with Paulette Goddard; or to slip in and see Pixie wielding her mop. Pixie was simply delighted one night when a sailor slapped her on the back and said, "Say, sister, look after these guys from Great Britain. They're

fine chaps." It was good to hear such hearty praise of the men of her own country, but it was better still to realise that the men of all freedom-loving nations were coming to know and understand each other through mixing socially in such hospitable surroundings as the Stage Door Canteen. Her conscience stopped fluttering, for she felt that helping to run such a priceless institution was far more valuable as a war service than broadcasting, writing for the press, or raising funds for charity.

Pixie's R.A.F. brothers have been associated with training camps in Canada; one of them, the star of the film "Target for Tonight" and the hero Bruneval, is already an international celebrity. When the lads at these Canadian camps get leave they all move heaven and earth to get down to New York, and one of the ways of moving heaven and earth is to use Pixie as "a clearing station," to quote her own phrase. They are only allowed to cross the border into America if they know someone, and even then they are only given a paltry twelve dollars, so if they really want to see New York it is rather essential "to know Pixie." She "knows" hundreds and takes them under her wing when they arrive in Manhattan, making quite certain that their visit will remain one of the high spots of their lives.

THE American Theatre Wing sent thousands of garments and dollars to Great Britain and the Occupied Countries before Pearl Harbour, and they are still making the most generous contributions, even now. It must give them some gratification to discover that the wife of our most distinguished actor-knight is only too happy to roll up her sleeves and wash their Canteen dishes, not merely for five minutes as a publicity stunt, but night after night as a solemn duty which gives her more satisfaction than she has known for some time since sailing away from her native shores.

When some of our artists return from Hollywood and Broadway after the war there is going to be a certain amount of mud slinging about escaping to make fortunes in America while less fortunate colleagues were left at home to dodge bombs to the best of their ability. Some theatre folk merit such censure, but Helena Pickard will return with a reputation unblemished, and a service in the name of charity worthy of decoration.

PICTURES BY
SWARBRICK
STUDIOS.

"On Guard"

An amusing moment showing Leslie Henson as a rather nervous Home Guard on duty complete with pike, and Stanley Holloway as the ghost of Grenadier "Sam," also on guard with his famous musket to repel a threatened invasion of other days.



Fine and Dandy

IT is becoming a commonplace to say "Mr. Firth Shephard has done it again," but so it is. Packed houses at the Saville once again testify to his unerring judgement in providing the public with just the shows they want. *Fine and Dandy* is grand entertainment with a fine admixture of wit and spectacle, tunefulness and good fun.

Devised by Firth Shephard and Robert Nesbitt with sketches by Reginald Purcell, Frank Eyton, Austin Melford, etc., music by Manning Sherwin and John Blore and lyrics by Val Guest and others, there is not a dull moment from start to finish. Robert Helpmann and Ann Coventry are responsible for the many delightful dances, and mention must be made of the beautiful costumes designed by William Chappell and scenes by Stern. The brilliant company of stars work tirelessly throughout. *Fine and Dandy* is here for a long stay.



"The Party's On"

The striking, opening scene. Leslie Henson arrives "by bus" to join the other principals, immaculate in evening dress.



(Left): Pat Taylor with Graham Payn and Lois Davis singing "Dance with Me," one of the many magnificently staged numbers. (The part of Lois Davis is now played by Joan Alexis.)

"Dance with Me"

"Rhythm Rookie"

Decima Knight, Lois Davis and Pat Taylor in the spirited number "Rhythm Rookie" which pays graceful tribute to our American allies.



(Below): Graham Payn and the Girls in another scene from "Rhythm Rookie."





"Fate"

In this sketch on the familiar triangle theme, Leslie Henson as Aubrey, the "betrayed" husband, appeals to the audience from time to time for a decision as to how events shall shape; an unusual procedure that has the most lurid results, as can be judged by this picture.

L.-R.: Dorothy Dickson as the Wife, Stanley Holloway as Claud Spender, the lover, and Leslie Henson as the husband



"Camera Study"

Dorothy Dickson as the Subject, Decima Knight as Photographer's Assistant, and Graham Payn as the Photographer in a scene from the delightful dance set to music composed and arranged by John Bloor

Right: Graham Payn as Kapok, Douglas Byng as Tchichania and Leslie Henson as The Impresario in a scene from the brilliant closing item of Part One.



"A Story of the Steppes"

Neither words nor pictures can adequately convey the gay spontaneity and colour of this delightful skit on "things Russian." Leslie Henson is superb as the Impresario who pilots us through swirling Russian dance and song to the accompaniment of his own special brand of broken English, and the other stars join in with breath-taking verve and energy. (Left): Dorothy Dickson as Katinka does some sly flirting with The Soldier (Stanley Holloway), and below the brilliant Russian Wedding finale.





“Tempo”

The strikingly beautiful number which opens Part Two. Lois Davis is seen above with the Girls, and the scene below also conveys in some measure the charm of the groupings and stage effects achieved, in which the clever use of lighting plays no small part

“Tempo”





Stanley Holloway, Leslie Henson and Douglas Byng as hens in patriotic mood, and *below*, an amusing skit with Sylvia Leslie as the Mother, Gavin Gordon as the Father, and Leslie Henson, Stanley Holloway and Douglas Byng as their young sons, as played by not-so-young actors.

"Laying for Victory"

"Family Failing"





Picture by Basil
Shackleton



"Winterhalter Waltz"

Perhaps the loveliest item in the show, "Winterhalter Waltz" (music by Tchaikowsky), is a feast of beauty. Above, Dorothy Dickson and Graham Pavn are seen as the Dancers with Pat Taylor (*kneeling*) as the Singer, and left, another scene which gives an idea of the magnificent setting employed for this number.



"The Great George Lashbourn"

Stanley Holloway provides a brilliant piece of "realism" as the great George Lashbourn, "the last of the Lion Comiques, from the London Pavilion, Tivoli and Oxford Music Halls, in his greatest successes."

"No Posies for Miss Parsons"

Here is a rather different way of getting across the inevitable parody on *No Orchids* . . . Leslie Henson as Mr. Sprott who runs a library on the more genteel lines discovers that his highly respectable assistant Miss Pomeroy (Dorothy Dickson) is secretly the author of a daring book that has shocked his most influential subscribers.



Miss Chips recalls
the past.



"Goodbye, Miss Chips"

Douglas Byng as a female edition of "Mr. Chips" has made a deep impression with a brilliant piece of character work that is by turns both humorous (in the typical Byng fashion), and serious. *There*, he is seen as the retiring Headmistress, and *below*, as the young Miss Chips with her pupils. Here again the settings and costumes are artistic in the extreme.



"Radio Round Up"

Biggest laugh of the show are these brilliant skits on two popular broadcasts which are easily identified. *Above left*, Dorothy Dickson as "Sweetheart of the Forces," and *above right*, Leslie Henson as Professor Woad, who appears again *below*, complete with hockey stick, together with Rear-Admiral Camperdown (Stanley Holloway), Professor Aldwych Uxbridge (Gavin Gordon), and Question Master Douglas Byng.



"Fool's Paradise"

The show ends appropriately enough on a spectacular note and with all the nostalgic charm associated with a masquerade ball. These pictures give some idea of the striking costumes worn by the company as they gather together to take the final curtain.



Whispers from the Wings

BY
LOOKER ON

ROVI PAVINOFF, formerly of the Anglo-Polish and International Ballet Companies, is a leading member of the new company sponsored by many free governments over here, including the Polish, Czech, Greek, Yugo-Slav and Belgian governments, which began its career on June 29th at Golders Green prior to a short provincial tour. A West End Season will follow. In their repertoire, so Mr. Pavinoff told me, will be some interesting works, including a new Polish Symphonic Ballet on a modern theme to Chopin's music; a ballet to Macedonian music of the fifth century (which has taken some understanding, incidentally), and *The Silver Birch*, to music by Adrian Beecham, choreography by Lydia Sokolova and décor by Benois.

By such a means, so I thought as I talked to young Pavinoff, do we best foster the international spirit which the post-war world will need above all else. Ballet is common ground: there are no language barriers, and I hastened to wish Mr. Pavinoff all success in his new activity, for which his enthusiasm is unbounded. I could easily guess at the hard work awaiting the new company, which will present some twenty productions.

Rather diffidently I had to confess to Mr. Pavinoff that my knowledge of ballet is most "untechnical." I can claim now to know something about the drama, but my link with ballet is on the—I fear, lower—plane of pure enjoyment. I can sense the harmonious whole but know nothing about the individual parts. Strange to say this young dancer did not look horrified or even pitying at this shortcoming. Perhaps after all I am to be envied, like the child at his first pantomime.

We talked much about the ballet dancer's strenuous life, how every minute must be devoted to his art, the first essential of which is to be physically absolutely one hundred per cent. fit. Then we came to the names of the many brilliant young dancers who have been called up for the forces, and how great their loss is to the Sadler's Wells and other companies, especially at a time when a new enthusiasm for ballet is sweeping the country. We are an illogical people



Paramount Studio.

Rovi Pavinoff as Strength and Mela Carter as Love in the new symphonic ballet to music of Chopin mentioned on this page.

... but that's another and very controversial subject!

* * *

AT 5.29 on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 9th, when I was present as a guest at the new Green Room Club, there were about a dozen members sitting round the table, talking and reading as clubmen do. To each a waiter was handing a drink. Then the clock struck 5.30, and up rose the Club's beloved President, Mr. C. V. France. In quiet, gentle voice he reminded older members, and told younger ones, that a certain Mr. Graham, a popular member who passed on some years since, had left a sum of money in his will to pay for a drink for every member who happened to be in the Club room on that date and at that hour, every year—in memory of his son, killed on that date and at that hour in nineteen-seventeen. The toast, the President went on, was to be drunk in silence—"to England." . . .

At 5.31 on the afternoon of June 9th in the Green Room Club, all was as before.

Shakespeare Stratford-

THE 1942 Season of the Shakespeare Festival, now approaching its fourth month at the Memorial Theatre, continues to do well, and a ninth play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, has now been added to the repertoire, with Margaret Scott as Katharina, Balio

BALIO
HOLLOWAY
as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Holloway needs no introduction to lovers of Shakespeare everywhere and his to his credit a brilliant career as Shakespearean actor and producer.

Portrait
by
Halls

GEORGE HAYES
as Joseph Surface in
Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*.
Mr. Hayes is an actor of
considerable stature and
is a great favourite with
visitors to Stratford.

Portrait
by
Halls

Festival at upon-Avon

Holloway as Petruchio and Jay Laurier as Christopher Sly. The production is by Mr. B. Iden Payne, the Director, and this spirited play has been chosen for the matinee on August Bank Holiday.

Here are portraits of the leading men players this season.



**GEORGE
SKILLAN**

gives one of the finest performances of his career as Macbeth in this year's Stratford production of Shakespeare's famous tragedy, which has proved one of the most popular plays in the repertoire.

*Portrait
by
Holte.*



*Portrait
by
Anthony*

JAY LAURIER
as Touchstone in *As You Like It*. Jay Laurier has all the requisite wit and drollery so necessary in the portrayal of Shakespeare's "funny men." He is a great comic.



Ray Barcia's Star Horoscope



Below is Miss Barcia's general horoscope for readers, and a special reading featuring Nora Swinburne, charming star of 'Full Swing' at the Palace. Miss Barcia is, of course, a member of 'The Dancing Years' company.

*Portrait by
Mindel and
Faraday*

*Ray
Barcia*

IF you were born in the last days of June or first three weeks of July you come to a great extent under the influence of the sign Cancer. This division of the Zodiac (symbolised by the Crab) is ruled by the Moon and its children are more affected by the moon and the moon's changes than many. They are sensitive and fluctuating and at the same time very tenacious, with tendencies towards psychic things. Cancer retains and holds the effects of all vibrations made up on it and like a lake reflects whatever is near without losing its own character and depth. This sign is concerned with sensation and Cancer people are very interested in plumbing their own and other people's emotion. They receive impressions and store them for future use, having wonderful powers of memory; their nature being more or less feminine and soft they have tremendous desire to be powerful and therefore have unique ambition and tenacity. One is apt to smile at the gentle and retiring Cancerian who says that he or she is going to be famous, but ten, twenty or thirty years later one has to admit that the purpose has never wavered and the object has been more or less achieved. There is great attachment to home life and particularly the mother. Prosperity having been attained is generally manifested in the building of a lovely home; the fate is bound up in domestic relationships and the desire is for harmony, rest and graciousness. Two types of outward personality emerge from this sign, the timid, mistrustful and over-cautious and again the assertive person whose tenacity and firmness are imprinted upon all he says and does. Being able to understand and plumb human emotions the Cancerian makes a good actor; there is imagination and the faculties often tend towards exceptional talent in music. Physically they are not strong unless other influences assist to give vitality, but sheer

determination often keeps them going when other people would be ill in bed. These people occasionally develop an apparent waywardness or fickleness of manner, but do not be deceived, they know their own minds and do not necessarily show them! The sea and travelling attract deeply. They should guard against being too unbending in their ambitions and too receptive of all the vibrations about them as this combination of attributes often results in painful knots of dread, self-consciousness or inferiority. Their strength lies in their restfulness and quiet fund of power so that they will be happiest when they do away with over-anxiety.

★ Nora Swinburne

HERE is a personal nativity of exceptional power and distinction having most of its vitality directed towards inward things. At once one sees that in addition to being charming, successful and sympathetic this person is deeply and sincerely concerned with the problems of humanity. Her Sun being placed in the mid-heaven at a point in the Zodiac just between Cancer and Leo (July 24th) gives her a tremendous flow of vital forces partaking of the combined influences of Sun and Moon. And Libra rising brings the love of harmonising, balancing and synthesising so that all her efforts will be unifying and creative in the best sense. There is great and continued popularity as the house of fame is tenanted by the Sun and Mercury, aided by vitalising vibrations from Venus, Mars and Neptune. The cluster of planets about the mid-heaven shows that not only is she a profound thinker, but that the results of her thinking will always be to some extent before the public; there is no lack of scope for expression. The high spot of this horoscope and that which gives it distinction is the highly fertile mind. The memory is brilliant and there is an inventive tendency with great interest in such controversial subjects as mental healing, new kinds of social welfare schemes, modern trends in political and economic efforts. She is original and awake to everything connected with the future. If Miss Nora Swinburne had not such excellent gifts for the stage she would be an asset to some branch of progressive administration, helping to bring Utopia a practical step or two nearer. For the rest she is musical, affectionate and loyal once friendship is duly established, she brings much ardour to all problems of the mind and she is sincerely interested in people and their progress.

Photo by
Vandamm
Studio.

Paul Muni
as Maddoc
Thomas and
Jessica Tandy
as Catrin in
the Guild
Theatre's pro-
duction of
Emlyn Wil-
liams's *The
Light of
Heart* (re-
titled *Yester-
day's Magic*).



Echoes from Broadway

By our American Correspondent **E. MAWBY GREEN**

THE New York Drama Critics' Circle selected *Blithe Spirit* as the best foreign play of the year. The citation reads: "To Noel Coward: For the skill and adroitness with which he has concocted a farce comedy of gaiety and wit." *Blithe Spirit* received twelve votes. The only other foreign play mentioned was *Angel Street*. This, of course, is Patrick Hamilton's *Gaslight*, and was given one vote.

After five ballots it was decided to make no award for the best American play, there being no play of American authorship considered sufficiently outstanding to merit the award this season. The only two plays to receive votes were the Woodrow Wilson play, *In Time to Come*, by Howard Koch and John Huston, which failed to find an audience earlier this season, and John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, a recent arrival at the Martin Beck Theatre. While the critics were not altogether unfavourable in their opening night reviews of *The Moon is Down*, it could not secure more than four votes in the ballot for the critics' award.

We expect to discuss the new Steinbeck play in a later issue; meanwhile, the success of the novel has made people curious to see Mr. Steinbeck's dramatisation of his book. The film rights have been purchased by Twentieth Century Fox for the sensational and record price of \$300,000.

"The Light of Heart" in New York.

LAST year Emlyn Williams received the critics' award for the best foreign play with *The Corn is Green*. At the moment Mr. Williams is represented on Broadway with *Yesterday's Magic* (*The Light of Heart*), but this is not in the prize-winning class as far as New York is concerned. The critics have dismissed it as being tedious, trivial, and just another old-time tear jerker. It is easy to see why London could take this for 700 performances. Mr. Williams knows how to smother and serve up his sentiment for British theatregoers, but American audiences do not submit to sentiment without a struggle. The Theatre Guild has been doing strange

things this season, and we have been uneasy for the fate of *Yesterday's Magic* ever since it was announced that Paul Muni would appear as Maddoc Thomas, the part played by Godfrey Tearle in the original West End production. Not that we doubt Mr. Muni's ability as an actor—we just could not see him fitting into the down-trodden shoes of a drunken, washed-up thespian. Mr. Muni, unquestionably one of America's finest actors, is by no means washed-up and takes genuine concern in attaining perfection in his theatrical portrayals. The part of Maddoc Thomas proved to be so shallow that Mr. Muni acted himself right out of it. When Emlyn Williams changed the part of Maddoc Thomas to fit more comfortably into his own acting shoes, *The Light of Heart* did not have the same appeal as when Godfrey Tearle was in the part, so with Paul Muni mis-cast in the same rôle, *Yesterday's Magic* unfortunately loses some of its effectiveness. However, something should be said of Jessica Tandy's playing of the crippled daughter, Cattrin, in which part Angela Baddeley achieved recognition in London. Miss Tandy gives a beautifully sincere and shining performance, which must go down as one of the best portrayals of the season and Miss Tandy's finest piece of acting over here. Brenda Forbes makes merry with the Cockney landlady, Mrs. Banner; Cathleen Cordell is convincingly comical as Fan, the somewhat dubious flapper; Margaret Douglass does all right by Mrs. Lothian, the pit-admirer; Alfred Drake is altogether satisfactory as Robert, the composer-sweet-heart; and James Monks is amusing and amiable enough as Bevan, the Welsh policeman. Reginald Denham doubtless did everything possible in his direction to retain the British flavour and at the same time draw out some appeal for American audiences. A thankless task, as *Yesterday's Magic* does not contain enough tricks to make its power felt at the box-office.

Other Theatre Guild Productions.

THE Theatre Guild has given us this season Helen Hayes in Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind*, in association with The Playwrights' Company, which, looking back now, stands out as one of the better things this season (it should have enjoyed a longer New York run, but Miss Hayes has a large out-of-town following, so *Candle in the Wind* embarked on a successful road tour): Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a new comedy, *Hope*

for a *Harvest*, by Sophie Treadwell, which made money in its pre-Broadway tour, but garnered practically nothing after the New York critics had taken a look at it: Mary Boland and Bobby Clark in Sheridan's *The Rivals*, and now Paul Muni in *Yesterday's Magic*. Beating around the Broadway bush is Katharine Hepburn in Philip Barry's new play, *Without Love*, on which hangs the Guild's major financial hopes of making up for their other disappointments of the season. It was the same Philip Barry-Katharine Hepburn combination that struck oil for the Guild in 1939 with *The Philadelphia Story*. It can be reasonably expected *Without Love* will succeed in New York, but it is taking no chances and continuing its work-out on the road to enormous grosses. In fact, there is every indication now that Miss Hepburn will go to the coast and make another picture before coming to Broadway in *Without Love*.

"The Rivals" Proves Dull.

It sounded like an excellent idea to bring back the loquacious Mary Boland for Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, and to have the fabulously funny Bobby Clark as Acres. We could not wait to get down to see it, but once inside the theatre we could not wait to get out again, for this stylised Sheridan classic emerged dismally dated and almost unbelievably boring. Some songs, composed principally by Arthur Guiterman and Macklin Marrow, were added for Helen Ford and Donald Burr to sing, which they did agreeably enough, but nobody cared very much. After you had admired the attractive period costumes and settings by Watson Barratt, there seemed little else to do but wait for Bobby Clark to come on and cut a few capers. But we had found Mr. Clark more sensationally comical earlier this season in *All Men Are Alike* (*Women Aren't Angels*), where he had more doors and get-ups to pop in and out of. Mary Boland had not been seen on the Broadway stage since 1935, in that ultra de-luxe Sam H. Harris musical *Jubilee*, by Kaufman and Hart, and a Cole Porter score that touched tops, which included "Begin the Beguine," introduced with extravagant tropical cavorting by June Knight. We never forgot Miss Boland in *Jubilee*, and to have her come back in something as dull as *The Rivals* turned out to be almost unforgivable. Mrs. Malaprop did not prove very good for Miss Boland's health, so she withdrew shortly after *The Rivals* had escaped to the road.

WE feel the Guild should have shown better discrimination in their choice of vehicle for such a priceless personality, and also done better by Fredric March. After giving a magnificent performance in an equally magnificent film, *One Foot in Heaven*, Mr. March returned to the stage to play the part of a disgruntled farmer in *Hope for a Harvest*, which took three acts and Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March) to show him that if their Italian neighbours out in the Middle West could till the land and make it pay, so could he. It was a great disappointment to see Mr. March meandering in something so meagre and disastrous. The Guild followed this up with a new comedy by Patterson Greene, *Papa is All*, with Jessie Royce Landis, a one-set six-character affair. This dealt with a Pennsylvania Dutch family, the father being a downright tyrant, who thought it evil for his daughter to go to the movies with her fellow, or even to look at a fellow, for that matter. So you could not blame the equally suppressed son for trying to dispose of the father, but we do blame the Theatre Guild for being deceived into producing such undistinguished offerings. The Guild built up its reputation on getting and giving its members only the best. It can still command the finest in stars and scripts, but its choice of plays in many instances has been alarmingly upsetting these past few seasons. It is true the productions are always of the highest standard, but we get enough mediocre material produced from other sources without the Guild sticking us with more. We do not expect them to conjure up all hits, but let the less successful ones at the box-office be at least worth-while from an artistic or literary viewpoint. The Guild is indebted to its members for six plays each season. After you have allowed for a Philip Barry or a Eugene O'Neill contribution, among the hundreds of other plays submitted, they should be able to discover four of more recognisable merit.

New Lesley Storm Play.

GILBERT MILLER had three productions this season and slipped with all three. First with *Anne of England* (based on Norman Ginsbury's *Viceroy Sarah*), already reported on; next with *Lily of the Valley*, by Ben Hecht, which was laid out in the office of the County Morgue. This had a strange "Outward Bound-ish" quality about it, only this time the souls belonged to tramps, vagabonds, and other



Clifford Odets, whose play *Clash by Night* is mentioned on the next page, is the author of *Awake and Sing* which London audiences gave a great welcome at the Arts Theatre.

impoverished creatures, including Alison Skipworth as a much-travelled street-walker, who was still "marching on" with a hopeful "Hello, Honey." Fascinating in spots, but deadly as a whole.

Heart of a City, by Lesley Storm, came next. This took place backstage at the Windmill Theatre, said to be based on incidents that actually happened there when London was undergoing its heaviest blitz. A large and lavish production done with all the Miller magnificence, which left little to wonder at after the first act, except the hopelessness of the remaining two acts. A typical line of Windmill chorus girls preceded the large, impressive cast—Gertrude Musgrove, Margot Grahame, Beverly Roberts, Bertha Belmore and Richard Ainley, to mention but a few—and some songs by George Posford and Eric Maschwitz—"Good-bye, Piccadilly," "Room 504" and "The London I Love," as well as the "Lambeth Walk," by courtesy of Lupino Lane. All this should have meant much more. Instead, we had a blitz of a disappointment.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN also missed the mark with *Letters to Lucerne*, by Fritz Roter and Allen Vincent, and *Solitaire*, by John van Druten, from the novel by Edwin Corle.

Letters to Lucerne presented Grete Mosheim, until 1934 leading ingenue at the Deutsch Theatre in Berlin, as well as Sonya Stokowski, Nancy Wiman, Mary Barthel-

Echoes from Broadway (Cont'd)

mess, Faith Brook, all daughters of famous fathers. Beautifully acted and staged, this might have lasted longer had the plot been more substantial and less sentimental. An interesting enough idea, that of a girls' school near Lucerne, Switzerland, before and shortly after the outbreak of the present war. The girls had a habit of reading aloud their letters from home, and Grete Mosheim being the unfortunate German girl, after the Nazis became a nuisance, she automatically became the target for tears and trouble.

Solitaire was concerned chiefly with an eleven-year-old child, Virginia, a poor little rich girl who, not being properly understood by her parents, struck up an acquaintance with a philosophical old tramp with a pet rat. They became great friends, and everything was all right until the parents discovered these meetings. Then complications set in and the play began to fall apart. Pat Hitchcock, twelve-year-old daughter of movie director Alfred Hitchcock, gave a remarkably winning and lovely performance in the long and difficult rôle of Virginia, and Victor Kilian succeeded in making the tramp extremely likeable and quite plausible. Mr. Wiman furnished two beautiful settings, but Mr. van Druten just did not have a play.

Vigorous Drama that Failed.

CLASH BY NIGHT, by Clifford Odets, which Billy Rose presented, with Tallulah Bankhead, Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb and Katherine Locke, still remains one of the most vigorous and vivid dramas of the season. The critics, while admitting to brilliant performances and some scenes in the best Odets style and effectiveness, took exception to the theme, that old standby of the husband losing his wife to his best friend, but failed to state in their reviews when, if ever, they had seen this familiar triangle better treated. While Mr. Odets is still guilty of being carried away by his own enthusiasm after the first half of the play, when he seems to lose control of plot construction and the satisfactory working out of his characters, he never lets you become bored, for his dialogue is vitally alive and fresh, and moves with tremendous force. Since there have been so few new plays of

consequence, it is a major disaster that *Clash by Night* should have had to crack up after a brief run.

"Macbeth" Makes Money

MAURICE EVANS is not only making money with *Macbeth*, but has again broken all performance



MAURICE EVANS

whose Shakespeare productions have become a feature of the American theatre, made his first appearance in New York in December, 1935, as Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*, after touring since the previous October with Katharine Cornell (who played Juliet). Before leaving for America Mr. Evans had played leading rôles for the Old Vic Company after a promising career in the West End.

records for this Shakespearean revival in America. This production is now on tour, with Judith Anderson continuing as Lady Macbeth. Miss Anderson did Lady Macbeth to Laurence Olivier's *Macbeth* in London in 1937, after her New York performance of the Queen in John Gielgud's *Hamlet*. For the first time since Mr. Evans became a sensation for his portrayals of Shakespearean rôles in America, he has found someone to match the magnificence of his own performance in the same production, for Judith Anderson is giving an interpretation of Lady Macbeth that represents some of the finest acting in recent years, which, coupled with Margaret Webster's brilliant staging, makes this *Macbeth* one of the finest ever seen on these shores.

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Notes and Topics

AMATEUR STAGE

GRANTED that the summer weather improves upon June, which opened flamingly only to deceive later, there is every prospect that amateurs will be busy this year in months when normally they are inactive.

Stay-at-home holidays have resulted in some enthusiasm for the self-help entertainment scheme. Borough Councils, voluntary groups, welfare officers and others are making enquiries of play agents for material suitable for open-air presentation in parks and gardens.

It is a good thing that amateurs should turn their attention to outdoor work. Conditions of performance are so dissimilar to indoor production that a fresh outlook is demanded. This applies first to choice of work, and then to treatment.

HERE is one example of an open-air programme for the summer season. It is that of West Ham Open-Air Theatre, in Queen's Garden, Balaam Street, E.13, which readers will remember was constructed last year from the timber and equipment salvaged from a bombed church hall. Performances are on Thursday and Friday evenings, at 7.45 p.m.

June 11th and 12th the Roosters Concert Party; June 18th and 19th the Shelter Players in *She Stoops to Conquer*; June 25th and 26th Poland in Music, Song and Dance; July 2nd and 3rd Adelphi Players in *Abraham and Isaac* and recital of folk songs; July 9th and 10th Red Triangle Follies; July 16th Spanish and Basque Songs and Dances by the Basque children; July 17th St. Mildred's Clerks in *Arms and the Man*; July 23rd The Taverners in *Doctor Knock*; July 24th a C.E.M.A. concert; July 30th and 31st Shelter Players in *Distant Point*.

And here is a typical example of a production forming part of a local "holidays-at-home" scheme: Cheswold Players gave

The Blue Goose by Peter Blackmore in the Hall of Doncaster Technical College on June 23rd-27th.

Student Players of the Polytechnic School of Architecture gave a performance of *French Without Tears* at Portland Hall, W.1, on June 16th.

HERE is some important news for members of the National Operatic and Dramatic Association. In August next the Association moves its offices from 85, Eccleston Square to Emanwy House, Bernard Street, W.C.1, over Russell Square tube station. For removal purposes the library will be closed for the whole month of August. New telephone number will be announced later.

The death occurred recently of Mr. Dudley Page, President of the N.O.D.A. from 1927-30, and a prominent supporter of the amateur stage in East Anglia. He was a solicitor in practice at King's Lynn, and was author of a valuable textbook entitled *The Law of the Amateur Stage* (Pitman).

Three Warrington societies co-operated recently to give the premier performance of *Jubilee*, a new musical specially written for amateurs. Considerable success attended this pooling of resources.

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ESTHER MONCRIEFF, who is the Toni in Tom Arnold's limited-season revival of *The Land of Smiles*, with Richard Tauber, Hella Kurty and Josie Fearon, at the Lyric Theatre.



WILLEEN WILSON, the charming young actress who plays Barton in the Hulbert-Courtneidge show, *Full Swing* at the Palace, which is one of the big successes in Town.



JUDY CHILD, who plays one of the Ladies of the Theatre in Tom Arnold's *The Dancing Years* at the Adelphi, writes stories about stage life by way of hobby.

Lord Berners' First Play at Oxford By Audrey Williamson

THE *Furies*, produced at the Playhouse, Oxford, during the first week in June, is Lord Berners' first play, though it is not the first time this versatile writer and musician has directed his talents towards the theatre. *The Wedding Bouquet*, for which he wrote the music, is still one of the wittiest ballets in the Vic-Wells repertoire. Fantasy and satire are curiously applied in his work; his talent has the quality of a pastiche, and in his first play one anticipated originality and perhaps distinction.

In a sense anticipation is disappointed. *The Furies* is a satire at the expense of the most useless and snobbish strata of society, the Mayfair "socialite" women of limitless wealth and leisure, devoted entirely, as far as one can see, to the pursuit of the latest "fashion," whether it be in novelists or tiaras. They pursue the unfortunate novelist in this play from Cornwall to Haiti with the indefatigable energy of a bevy of Mrs. Leo Hunters; but Dickens had the good judgment to confine Mrs. Leo Hunter to one chapter, in which he said everything there was to say about the species. Lord Berners' harpies are amusing for the first Act, after which the joke wears thin; in fact this is the main criticism of the play—its triviality of theme and character cannot survive three Acts. The Greek analogy is

altogether too heavy for the play to bear. The Euminides, or *Furies*, pursued Orestes after he had committed the crime of murder; they were the essence of Fate, driving the guilty to expiation. To label the harpies chasing a fashionable modern novelist in such a way is to bring Aeschylus into the brittle realm of Aristophanes.

This is not to say that the dialogue hasn't smartness and something that at least may pass for wit. The play has the air of having been written by a cultivated dilettante, and the production of Peter Ashmore could hardly have been slicker. Winifred Evans was first-rate as one of the "Furies"; her innuendo of glance and phrase would wring wit out of a railway guide. Nora Nicholson, as another, fluttered after this steam-roller of a woman with a quivering tenacity. These are two grand character actresses and they practically "carried" the play. Raymond Somerville's wealthy old reprobate beamed satisfaction, like a silky stroked lap-dog; Sigrid Lanstad played a courtesan with sophistication and vitality; and Michael Golden, as the harassed novelist, proved a young actor who can play middle age without overdoing it. But the characters are psychologically shallow; they are without heart or morals. This is not the world we are fighting to preserve, and is it, at this time, even worth remembering?

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